

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Lo, the bright sun is setting now,
And painted clouds bedeck the sky—
Their hues, in varied colors wrought,
Awake my thought, attract my eye.
What hand has laid those colors there?
What mind conceived the grand design?
Ah, yes; 'tis He who framed the world—
'Tis He, my father's God—and mine.
He dipped His pencil in the sun,
And painted on the piled-up cloud,
And wrought out for the dying day
No sadder, but a glorious shroud.
The evening shadows, falling fast,
Gather the colors He has given—
Emblem of light along the way
That leads from earth, through death, to
Heaven.

Aye! on life's gathering field of clouds
He paints with Heaven's sunlight fair
A shroud of peace for death's dreamland—
Yet robes as bright as angels wear.

So when the evening's shadows fall,
And tell the tale of toil and care—
May all our clouds be tinged with light—
Our robes be bright as angels wear.
—Rev. A. H. Sembower, in Baptist Union.

The Freight Crew That Stole a Jail

THERE was always a cruel and relentless war waging between the C. J. & F. K. Railroad company and the town of Manikee.

Manikee was a small town, but it did not know it. In its own estimation Manikee was a metropolis, and it pained Manikee that the C. J. & F. K. railroad had not recognized that fact.

Manikee felt certain that the C. J. & F. K. railroad owed most of its prosperity to the fact that Manikee was on the line. Yet the railroad seemed singularly ungrateful of all that it owed to Manikee.

Several things had happened to widen the growing breach between the town and the railroad. One of the things that hurt Manikee most was the running of the St. Louis cannonball express through the town at the rate of about a mile a minute. If the people of Manikee wanted to go to St. Louis on this particular train they had to drive six miles south to a town named Hamptonville, the hated rival of Manikee.

Manikee had waited loudly over what it called the unjust discrimination of the railroad company, and the company had sent a man all the way from St. Louis to explain to Manikee that the reason the train stopped at Hamptonville was because there was another railroad there which crossed the C. J. & F. K. at grade, and, therefore, both roads were compelled by the state law to bring their trains to a dead stop at the junction.

But Manikee refused to accept the apology. The express stopped at Hamptonville, and therefore, it ought to stop at Manikee.

To be sure, there were hardly three persons a week who would have boarded the train at Manikee if it had stopped there, and one of these was old Mrs. Pierson, who would only have gone as far as Hamptonville to see her sick sister, while the other two would probably have been a stray drummer for a grocery house and old Squire Leonard, who used to be in congress, and who was the great man of Manikee.

But, just the same, the fact that the cannonball express did not stop at Manikee made a deadly enemy of the town against the railroad.

The town council passed the most strict laws against the railroad running trains through the town at a greater speed than 35 miles an hour, and the town marshal, Jake Saliers, used to stalk the freight trains like a deer hunter and arrest them every time they left a freight train lying over a crossing for a second over three minutes.

Jake had a watch about as big as a saucer and a star like a tin plate. He would sneak down behind the old mill and peek out at the freight crew switching cars about in the yard. When a box car would be left blocking the street longer than the time fixed by the town council of Manikee Jake would converge on the scene, waving his cane and holding his watch as high as his head.

"Surrender, surrender, gul darn ye," the town marshal would command. "Surrender, b'gosh. Ye've kept that thar 'crossin' closed for four minits, and th' law says ye shall only elus it fer three minits. Come on, darn ye, to jail."

Jake would arrest the conductor of the train and a brakeman or two if he could find them and march them down to the office of Squire Rubens, where they would be perhaps 15 or 20 minutes before the station agent could get them relieved.

The trainmen of the C. J. & F. K. finally became so angry at the town of Manikee they would have cheerfully burned the place off the map if they could have done so without taking any chances on going to the penitentiary.

They resorted to all the small tricks they knew of in the way of revenge. The engineers opened their whistles wide when they went through the town, and every engine went screaming through the silent watches of the night at Manikee like insane demons. The freight crews threw coal at the dogs of Manikee in the daytime, and at night they pelted the houses along the track.

Manikee got even by increasing its police force by one man and rigorously enforcing all the blue laws against the railroad that the town council could think of.

It was a favorite ploy of the town marshal and his force to arrest

a brakeman or conductor at a time when the justice of the peace could not be found at his office or in his house, so that the railroad men would have to be confined in the calaboose until the magistrate returned.

One night three brakemen were arrested for keeping the crossing closed for four minutes. The agent piteously protested that the freight train could not be delayed, but the president of the town board was relentless, and the three men were locked up, and the freight train had to wait on the side track until a crew could be sent down from Hillton to take the places of the men being held in durance vile.

The three brakemen did not remain in jail quite as long as the jubilant citizens of Manikee thought they would. The brakemen got tired of staying in the calaboose about midnight, so they broke down the door and went away on the midnight passenger train.

After that it was hard to keep the railroad men in the calaboose. They had a way of breaking down the door or tearing the bars out of the chimney that was discouraging.

Finally the town of Manikee voted money to build a new calaboose with. It wasn't to be large, but it was to be tighter than a drum, and so constructed that there would be no breaking out of it. It was built within a couple of weeks, as it was not more than 12 feet long by about ten wide.

But it was made of heavy timber and the door was of oak that would have defied an ax to chop it down. There was one little window near the roof not more than six inches wide and about two feet long, so that even if the iron bars were pulled out it would be impossible for the slightest brakeman on the C. J. & F. K. railroad to squeeze himself through.

"Now, gul darn ye," said Marshal Saliers, as he shoved Conductor Tom Donovan and Brakeman Jim Rodgers into the hot little hole. "I'll guess ye won't break out of that in a hurry."

"Good heavens," said Jim, as he sat perspiring in the mean little calaboose, "I would sooner be shut up in a smokehouse. If this is what we're going to get as a regular thing in this town I think I'll hunt another job."

"It's pretty tough," said the conductor, "but the worst part of it is that we'll both be fined about \$20 apiece to-morrow, and we'll have to pay it. The company has had so much to pay out in this town, and has had so much trouble with these people, that strict orders have been given the train crews to avoid any unnecessary collision with their blue laws here, and the old man further says that when any of us are clearly proven to have kept that blessed crossing closed longer than the time allowed, why, we'll have to pay the fine ourselves, that's all. And you know I did keep that crossing closed about six minutes to-night. I thought that old tin-starred marshal was at his supper, where he belonged."

"Well," said the brakeman, "I guess we're up against it, but the worst part of this business is to think of the boys sweltering in this bake oven in summer. What train is that whistling? Guess it must be the wrecking train that's been up to Cerro to put those box cars on the track."

"Jim," said the conductor, suddenly, "if that train stops here, whistle or something, and see if you can get Pat Harris, the boss of the wrecking crew, to come over here. I want to talk to him."

The train stopped, and the brakeman blew a sirenlike note that lured Mr. Harris to the calaboose window, where he had a long talk with the gentlemen behind the bars. Mr. Harris seemed quite taken with the proposition advanced by the conductor.

"It's a go, Tommy," said the boss. "The kellyboose is only about ten feet from the track, an' 'twill beaisy. We're a-goin' now ten miles beyant, an' we'll come back about midnight an' do the trick thim."

At about 12:30 o'clock the wreck train came quietly back to Manikee. The car on which is placed the big crane stood on the track nearest the calaboose.

A jail delivery had been planned, but a jail delivery on a scale that would have alarmed a hardened jail-breaker. The door of the calaboose was too heavy to be readily beaten in with an ax, and, beside, a few blows would have awakened the town marshal and his vigilant staff, who were quietly sleeping in their homes a short distance down the street.

The wrecking boss had a much better plan. The great crane was swung outward by the crew and the heavy chains dropped down around the calaboose. Then with much squeaking and groaning the calaboose was lifted bodily into the air and deposited on the freight car.

The wonder and consternation in Manikee the next day was something startling. Who had stolen the jail? Of course the railroad company was under suspicion, but nothing could be proven. The town council offered \$25 reward for the return of the Manikee town calaboose, stolen by unknown parties on the night of May 8, but nobody appeared to claim the reward.

The disappearance of the calaboose seemed to take the nerve out of Manikee. The town was never quite the same after that. The other towns all about gaped the place until some of the leading citizens moved away.

The town council withdrew the blue laws against the railroad, and now the road keeps their trains in the crossing for half an hour if they're so inclined, and the fireman throws coal at Marshal Saliers if he so much as opens his mouth.

And Brakeman Rodgers, who lived near the yards in St. Louis, suddenly added in a few hours' time quite a snug little kitchen to his house. And one window in the kitchen has bars across it.—Chicago Tribune.

NO FENCE CORNER FARMING

The Very Good Reason for the Long, Straight Furrows and Great Fields is a Feature of Western Canada Farms.

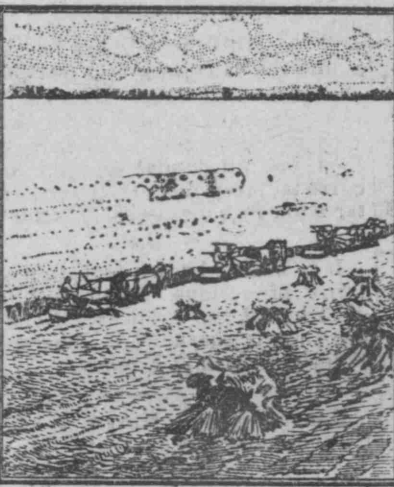
CURIOSITY and a love of travel combined caused me to take an extensive trip through the agricultural sections of Western Canada during the past summer, and while there I was given the best of opportunities of studying and judging for myself of the conditions that exist in that extensive section of our continent.

After I had traveled over a few million acres of Western Canada, and watched and studied what at first seemed to me an extravagant waste of land on the part of the farmers, I became better acquainted with conditions and the very good reasons for this seeming wastage.

I had been used to the farming operations of the more thickly populated States, where to make farming pay it was necessary to cultivate practically every foot of ground; where it was the rule rather than the exception to go to the length of blasting out, if necessary, heavily rooted trees or large boulders; where much of the farm land was secured by clearing it of timber and stones, which had been accomplished only after years of toil and privation on the part of the first settlers. There traveled with me over these millions of acres of Canadian soil a gentleman who had been reared upon just this sort of a farm in Michigan, and, as he expressed it, "land was so scarce and so valuable because of its scarcity that we had to cultivate even the corners of the rail fences."

But in my journey through the agricultural section of Western Canada, ranging from Winnipeg on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from the international boundary on the south to the Saskatchewan river and beyond on the north, I saw nothing that savored of our method of "fence corner farming," and in time I learned the reason for the little uncultivated tracts.

Time, rather than land, is the valuable commodity in Western Canada. In a country where the soil is sufficiently



"The Western Canada Farmer Cultivates His Land Upon Wholesale Methods."

fertile to produce thirty and forty bushels of wheat to the acre from less than a bushel of seed; where the government gives everyone desiring it a free homestead of 160 acres of this land, and where more may be bought at from \$3 to \$5 per acre; where one year's crop will much more than pay for the land upon which it is grown, it is a wicked waste of time to cultivate the "fence corners."

Before I had acquired this information I was on one farm where a roadway cut off a small corner of land from the remainder of a field of wheat.

There was, I should say, nearly an acre in this little plot of neglected ground, and I asked the owner of the farm why it had not been put under cultivation.

"To undertake to plow that little three-cornered strip of land would take far more time than the land is worth, giving both the present market value. To add to it the remainder of the field would necessitate a longer way around from the main road to the house. Lying just across the road there is 160 acres of as good land as this upon which I have this year grown more than 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, and I can buy that land of the railroad for \$4 an acre. It would take as much time to plow that small piece, in its present shape, as it would to plow two acres of the land across the road, and so would be what we in this country consider a waste of valuable time."

Straight furrows and long ones is the plowing rule in Western Canada, and the gang plow is the favorite method of turning the soil. The Western Canadian farmer, I found, cultivates his land upon wholesale methods. No matter where he may come from, no matter what the methods in vogue in his native place may have been, the farmer in Canada soon learns that it is wholesale methods that pay best there, and for this reason it is Western Canada that is the home of every improved agricultural machine that tends to the speedy handling of great harvests or the production of them. These machines are not always the product of Western Canadian inventors, but the Western Canadian farmers are among the heaviest buyers of this class of agricultural machinery in the world.

The Canadian farmer never becomes land poor as does the farmer in the States. When he buys land he knows that it will bring him adequate returns upon his investment, and that his government will not put a burden of taxes upon it. As a sample of what is possible with the progressive farmers in Western Canada let me cite the case of one living near White Plains, in Manitoba, a Mr. Winslow by name. During the past season this one man had 2,700 acres of land planted in wheat, and harvested 67,500 bushels. He makes farm-

ing on these fertile lands immensely profitable by going about it in a wholesale way.

Do not, however, imagine that it is only the wholesale methods that pay well in Western Canada. I saw men who owned only the 160 acres of land the government had given them as a homestead who claimed to be making better livings for themselves and their families and saving more money than they had ever been able to do in the States on the same amount of land. Practically every one of these comparatively small farmers whom I met assured me that it was their ambition to purchase more land as rapidly as they could accumulate the means with which to buy. They fully realized that they could not get too much of what they knew was a good thing. There is a vast amount of difference in buying productive land at \$3 to \$5 an acre and at \$30 to \$40 an acre.

The straight furrows and the long ones are possible in Western Canada, where, as I know from my own investigations made during the past summer, farming pays and pays well.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Fair Warning.

Time, 11:45 p. m.
A sound resembling a distant peal of thunder is heard distinctly overhead.

"What was that?" asked the young man as he started up from the parlor sofa in alarm.
"That," echoed the fair piece of the household, "Oh, that was only papa dropping a hint."

And hastily gathering the hint unto himself the young man carried it out into the gloomy night.—Chicago Daily News.

What's in a Name.

"Ah!" he sighed, after she had blushingly whispered "Yes" in his bosom. "My own Mehitabel! O! that name's so formal. Surely your friends use some shorter one; some pet name."

"Well," she murmured, "the girls at boarding school used to call me 'Pickles.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Very Suspicious.

"My daughter, you have been out with one of those football players again," said the watchful mother.

"Why, how do you know, mamma?"
"Why, I found a long hair on your blue shirtwaist."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Lady—I always come out so plain in my photographs—plainer even than I am!
Photographer (gallantly)—Oh, madam, that is impossible!—Moonshine.

Where Beaux Are Scarce.

Mr. Perkins—I had to do five men's work.
Mr. Simpson—Gracious! In your office?
"Oh, no; at that summer resort."—Detroit Free Press.

Crushed Again.

Drummer (in train)—Is this seat engaged?
Coy Country Maid—No, but I am.—Judge.

The oftener a man is sold the cheaper he feels.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Oct. 2.		
CATTLE—Common	2 25	@ 3 25
Extra butchers	5 25	@ 5 65
CALVES—Extra	6 25	@ 6 50
HOGS—Select shippers	6 65	@ 6 75
Mixed packers	6 25	@ 6 60
SHEEP—Extra	3 10	@ 3 15
LAMBS—Extra	4 50	@ 4 60
FLOUR—Spring pat	3 80	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	50 1/2	@ 60
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 38
RYE—No. 2		@ 63 25
HAY—Ch. Timothy		@ 15 00
PORK—Family		@ 9 75
LARD—Steam		@ 12 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy		@ 24
Choice creamery		@ 24
APPLES—Per bbl	1 75	@ 2 50
POTATOES	2 00	@ 2 25
Sweet potatoes	1 60	@ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	8 00	@ 9 00
Old	12 00	@ 12 25

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 50	@ 3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69	@ 69 1/2
No. 3 spring	66 1/2	@ 68
CORN—No. 2	56 1/2	@ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2	35	@ 36 1/2
RYE—No. 2	54	@ 54 1/2
PORK—Mess	14 30	@ 14 35
LARD—Steam	9 80	@ 9 90

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 50	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 74 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 62 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 38 1/2
RYE—Western		@ 62 1/2
PORK—Family	17 50	@ 18 00
LARD—Steam		@ 10 20

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70	@ 70 1/2
Southern	66	@ 70 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	60 1/2	@ 60 5/8
OATS—No. 2 mixed	38	@ 38 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western	6 75	@ 6 80

Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 60
OATS—No. 2 mixed		@ 38
PORK—Mess		@ 15 00
LARD—Steam		@ 10 00

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red		@ 70 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 58
OATS—No. 2 mixed	36 1/2	@ 37

Philadelphia French.

A Philadelphia French tells the story of a waiter at a restaurant in the Quaker city who has lately announced that he has begun to study French.

"Do you find it necessary here?" asked the customer.
"Not here, sir," said the waiter, "but I've been offered a steady job in Paris at one of the hotels if I can learn French."

"But Paris is full of French waiters," said the gentleman. "I'm afraid you're being deceived."
"Oh, no, sir!" said the man, with much earnestness and absolute simplicity. "It's a perfectly straight thing. The proprietor of the hotel says the waiters he can't understand French as we Philadelphians speak it, and that's what he wants me for, you see."—Youth's Companion.

Wisconsin Farm Lands.

The best of farm lands can be obtained now in Marinette County, Wisconsin, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at a low price and on very favorable terms. Wisconsin is noted for its fine crops, excellent markets and healthy climate. You can rent a farm when you can buy one much cheaper than you can rent and in a few years it will be your own property. For particulars address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

How He Was Sent.

Several ladies and their children were strolling through a cemetery reading inscriptions.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Agnes, stopping at a grave, "here's some one sent C. O. D."

The horrified mother turned to chide her daughter, but paused as she read: "James Brown, Co. D., on the headstone.—Chicago Daily News."

Race of the Australian-London Mail

is graphically described in No. 11 New York Central's "Four Track Series." Every person interested in the growth of our commerce should read it. Sent free on receipt of two-cent stamp by General Passenger Agent, New York Central, New York.

Martyr to Love.

Pearl—But are you sure that he loves her?

Ruby—Loves her? Why, he actually let her sketch him in crayon; and she has only taken a two-weeks' course, too.—Chicago Daily News.

"I am tired of this monkey business," exclaimed the irritable citizen. Then he went out and chased the organ grinder from the door.—Indianapolis News.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

If a man wants a quarter for an article, and you are not willing to pay the price, don't haggle; let him keep it.—Atchison Globe.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When fools speak out in meeting let wise men hold their peace, lest the fools break it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sweat or fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by druggists, 10c. package.

Every loafer hangs around some other man who would otherwise work.—Atchison Globe.

Also Cure for Consumption is an infallible remedy for coughs and colds.—N. V. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust.—George Eliot.

Relieve Whooping Cough With Hoxsie's Croup Cure. Non-nausea. 50cts.

The early morning bath bath gold in its mouth.—Franklin.

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